

The Evening World.

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RISING STANDARDS.

THE Republican Convention having concluded the job of finding a candidate respectable enough to give the Republicans some countenance in their coming drive against the party in power, the Democrats gather at St. Louis this week quietly to renominate for the Presidency the man who by his conduct in that office sets the pace which forced his opponents to their late painful exertions.

It was President Wilson and his success in bringing Germany to terms—keeping the country out of war without detriment to its honor—that drove Republicans and Progressives to their wits' ends trying to find patriotic phrases and platforms high-sounding enough to obscure the plain, concrete facts of what the President had accomplished.

It is President Wilson and his vigorous programme of preparedness that, having pushed the desperate Colonel almost to downright declaration of war, now causes Mr. Hughes to construct ringing paragraphs about preparedness which mean only: All Democrats are doing is nothing to what Republicans will promise.

It is President Wilson and the prosperity which has come to the country under his administration that now compel the Republicans to take a new tack with the tariff. Instead of lugging out high protection as the dispenser of calamity, they can only urge it upon business and labor as the condition upon which the nation may continue to enjoy the good times which, under a lowered tariff, it has enjoyed and still enjoys.

Finally, it is because the President is what he is that the Republican Party has gone to the Supreme Court of the United States for its candidate—thereby disturbing an august judicial body which the nation would instinctively prefer to see remain intact, beyond the reach of political demands or exigencies.

One thing is sure. The country will be justified in shaking hands with itself over its chief Presidential candidates. Not in the memory of living voters have the two great parties put forward two men who, by character, temperament, training, statesmanship and public achievements, stood upon so high a plane.

From a broader point of view this may be taken as encouraging proof of the increasingly exacting quality of electoral intelligence. In particular, however, it is a tribute to the high Presidential standards which the first term of Woodrow Wilson's Administration has already firmly fixed.

The Progressive nominations appear to be in a tin cylinder with both ends closed and soldered.

TOO FINE TO SPOIL.

ANOTHER protest against any hasty adoption of plans for changing Riverside Drive Park with a view merely to covering the New York Central tracks somehow and with least trouble, comes from the Committee on Parks of the American Society of Landscape Architects.

In a letter to the Board of Estimate the committee expresses its conviction "that the whole scheme for the treatment of the railroad and the development of the park has been hastily studied and without sufficient consideration for the principles of park design and the uses which it is to serve."

"It is not sufficient to have a preliminary plan for this great undertaking. We should have a complete plan for the whole future development of the park, and this means an exhaustive study of its possible and probable uses."

"Our interest in the matter is greater than the mere hiding of the railroad."

Sensible New Yorkers share this view. Where is the wisdom in rushing ahead with the work—leaving principally to engineers the problem of giving permanent form to one of the finest waterfront park sites in this or in any city? Why regret in ten years mistakes which can be avoided now?

New York has had to deplore and correct too many expensive blunders of this sort. If Riverside Park is worth improving at all it is worth every bit of expert knowledge and study the Park authorities and landscape specialists can bring to bear on it.

Now watch the sun come out.

Hits From Sharp Wits

A woman is always suspicious of another woman who dresses better than herself.—Omaha World-Herald.

The reason a whole lot of men are not in the pink of condition is because their noses are.—Columbia State.

Lots of men are lenient with themselves because of their belief that charity begins at home.—Omaha World-Herald.

There is only one six-footer in

every 208 men; the others only act "big."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Prejudice is usually an incurable affliction.

If love were not blind to faults there would be few marriages.—Albany Journal.

When it comes to a choice between a man who is capable of big deeds and a man who owns 'em, it doesn't take a girl long to decide.—Columbia State.

Letters From the People

The Community Chorus.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read with great interest your editorial in The Evening World, headed "An Indoor City."

You have struck a note in that editorial which needs to be emphasized.

Every effort to encourage this gathering in the open of great numbers of people to hear good music and especially patriotic music should be made.

In the movement to organize a community chorus in Central Park we have a very laudable extension of your idea, and one which deserves the serious attention of militarists and pacifists alike.

The thrill I got in joining with the 800 singers in their open air rehearsal, in the presence of a crowd of 3,000 who joined in many of the songs, not only aroused the feeling of patriotism but emphasized the oneness of humanity

at the same time. The underlying ideas of the movement can be summed up very easily. The members of the New York Community Chorus feel that everybody can dig a song out of himself somewhere if he only scrapes the surface a wee bit. No singing or listening to music so stirs the human soul as does the singing together with a thousand others. And through the medium of song, singing together, we may create a unity of purpose and action which will lead us no one knows how far in the direction of creating more happiness for ourselves and others.

H. K.

Estimated, 1913, 35,840, Employing 782,500.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

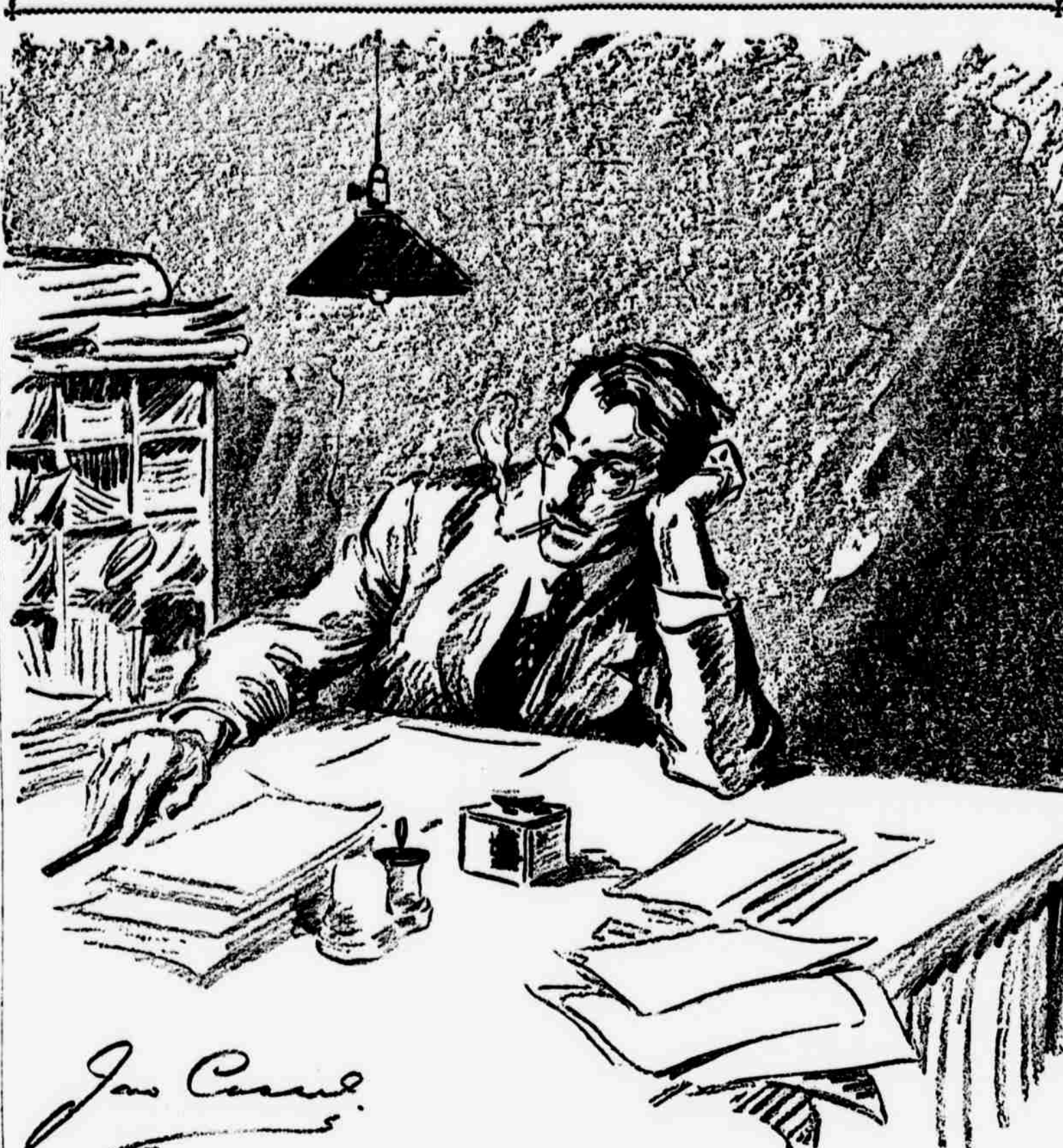
Has any one ever estimated the total number of factories of all kinds in Greater New York City and the number of people they employ?

EMPLOYEE.

Men Who Fail

REPRINTED.

By J. H. Cassel



"If I had a little income to keep me from worrying, I could do big things!"

The Office Force

By Bide Dudley.

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"I SEE by the papers," said Miss Prim, private secretary to the boss, "that the dances of twenty years ago are becoming the style again."

"That ought to please you," said Bobbie, the office boy, pleasantly.

"Please me? Why?" demanded Miss Prim. "Do you mean to insinuate that I'm an old timer?"

"Speaking of old timers," came from Miss Tillie, the blonde stenographer, "my father has a watch his great-grandfather owned."

"Gee whiz! That's a pip of a joke," chuckled Bobbie.

"Oh, it is?" came from the blonde.

"Then I presume I have given everybody in this room the pip."

"What's gone wrong with you this morning, Miss Tillie?" asked Miss Prim, frowning at the girl. "You seem to be unable to refrain from springing old jokes."

"Of course, you'd recognize them as old when I wouldn't," replied Miss Tillie calmly.

"Please, now. Let's be pleasant this morning," said Spooner. "Let's change the subject. I was reading in a paper last night that a maker of cough drops died recently and left an estate valued at \$1,000,000."

"Filled the coughers with drops and his coffers with coin, eh?" replied Miss Prim, smiling at her own outburst of wit.

"Exactly," replied Spooner.

"And he's in his coffin now," put in Bobbie.

"A very cheap and uncalled for joke," snapped Miss Prim. "Bobbie always has to make himself ridiculous."

"I think the whole bunch of you are given to springing cheap jokes," said the blonde. "If I couldn't think up better ones than those I'd go seek my head."

"In what—peroxide?" asked Bobbie.

"Oh, dear me!" said Miss Prim with a smile. "Sometimes Bobbie is funny."

"Oh, he is, is he?" snapped the blonde. "Well, I'll tell you something. If you had to live on the humor in Bobbie's jokes in lieu of food, you'd starve to death."

"Reminds me of Mrs. Lafferty," Bobbie chirped. "She always had a laugh for tea and—"

"Hey! Cut out the puns, kid! You can't be funny, if you can't be punny."

"I hate puns," said Miss Prim. "I had to rebuke my grandfather yesterday for punning."

"Is it possible your grandfather is still living?" asked Bobbie, with feigned amazement.

"I shall mention these insults to Mr. Spooner," said Miss Prim.

"Here's your chance," said Miss Tillie. "He's coming in."

"The boss appeared and greeted the office force with a cheery 'Good morning!' Then he turned to the private secretary.

"Miss Prim," he said solemnly, "I

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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TO make a man love you make yourself irresistible; but to make him marry you make yourself indispensable.

Next to the thrill of remembering his pleasures perhaps a man enjoys most the luxury of "confessing" his sins.

When a nice ordinary man begins moralizing it is a sign either that he has just been smashing a few of the Commandments or that he is just thinking of doing so. As long as he's keeping them he never stops to consider them seriously.

The only thing more acutely tragic to a man than not to be wanted by the woman he loves is to be loved by some woman he doesn't want.

It makes a man almost as indignant not to be allowed to break his promises, his engagements and his wedding vows as it makes a small boy not to be allowed to break his own toys.

No, dearies, love DOESN'T last—but neither do sunsets, dinners, operas, cocktails, youth, summer, roses, dreams nor any of the other really fascinating things in this life! Their brevity is what makes them fascinating.

There is no "temptation" except those that are inside of a man's brain. The game, the bottle or the flirtation is merely the "opportunity."

A small boy is awfully bored by the kisses and baby talk which women lavish on him, but after he grows up they appear to be the only things in which he takes any real vital interest.

Marriage is the plunge over the precipice which wakes you up with a violent jerk from "love's young dream."

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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Owing to the lack of standardization of their beaks, the scheme to utilize Long Island mosquitoes in boring cannon has been abandoned.

It is estimated that a button hook would lose its resilience if forced to a depth of 3,253 feet in the ocean.

If not given proper attention when first noticed, a small leak in a thimble is apt to spread to vast proportions.

No precautions are necessary to prevent roaches from straying off the premises.

By whittling energetically it is possible to cut down an old, sour piano into a pair of useful shoot-sticks.

If your collar are too loose you can stop your neck from rattling by simply stuffing an old rug down it.

have a question I'd like to ask you. It has bothered me considerably."

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"What makes a cow lie down because she can't sit down? Give it up?"

And with a chuckle the playful Mr.

Snooks disappeared in his private office.

"I'm glad I wasn't the goat for that one," said Bobbie.

"Moo!" came from the blonde.

Miss Prim left the room, slamming the door.

"Do you know anything of the work of St. Julia's Settlement?" Mrs. Soames asked me. "I have the most

Just a Wife (Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

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CHAPTER XIV.
AUG. 25—"Go to see THAT WOMAN!"

Ned fairly exploded when I told him of Mrs. Soames's invitation to dinner. I hadn't expected to find him enthusiastic, but neither had I supposed that he would be so bitterly hostile.

"Why in the world didn't you freeze her?" he fulminated. "Why did you tell her we'd go to her house? The last time you saw the woman she insulted you, accused you of flirting with her husband. And now you let her make it up to you?"

"But, Ned, she apologized for that scene at Sandport. I kept the new serenity and sweetness which enveloped her. I felt less inclined to continue our acquaintance. I wondered, rather apprehensively, if the relations between herself and her husband were now so free from the old strain that one might really spend a pleasant evening in their home."

"Well, I can't go to her dinner," he declared, flatly. "There's a meeting of a medical society that evening which I must attend. You'll have to take my regrets. I'm afraid you've let yourself in for more disagreeableness, but you did it with your eyes open."

I acquiesced meekly. Away from Mrs. Soames's surprising cheerfulness, the new serenity and sweetness which enveloped her, I felt less inclined to continue our acquaintance. I wondered, rather apprehensively, if the relations between herself and her husband were now so free from the old strain that one might really spend a pleasant evening in their home."

But I had given my word to dine with them. This evening I kept the engagement and because the affair developed features which puzzle me a bit I am going to write in my diary exactly what happened. Ned hasn't yet returned from his meeting and I'm not a bit sleepy.

Mr. and Mrs. Soames have a charming apartment, on the Drive and really roomy. They greeted me most cordially, and expressed the proper degree of regret for Ned's inability to be present.

I have spoken of the change six weeks wrought in Mrs. Soames. It seemed to me, even in the first glance, that Mrs. Soames had changed quite as much, although in a different way. If his wife appeared younger, happier; if the creases of worry and discontent had been smoothed out of her face, his looked old, tired, chilled.

Yet Mrs. Soames had practically admitted to me that she no longer cherished harsh feelings for his single act of unfaithfulness.

"Why is the atmosphere so glacial?" I asked myself, as the daily little dinner—I was the only guest—progressed from course to course. Mrs. Soames smiled sweetly at her husband and addressed him from time to time with some courteous commonplace. But he rarely raised his eyes to hers, and it was only when children became the topic of conversation that he grew really animated.

"Do you know anything of the work of St. Julia's Settlement?" Mrs. Soames asked me. "I have the most

interesting sewing class for little girls. They begin with doted clothes, and finally I expect to teach them to make their own things."

"Why don't you have the little youngsters at the house, Julia? Mr. Soames intervened with something approaching real animation. 'Give them an ice cream party. I'd come home early, and I think I might find a five-dollar gold piece for each kid.' 'The settlement will be glad of any contribution you care to make, Tom,' Mrs. Soames told him, with benign sweetness. 'But I've explained to you that it would be rather impossible to have the children here. They live so far away, and they're busy little people, with their school and their home duties. Besides—well, I'm afraid they're not quite up to Japanese prints,' and she glanced at a splendid kalsomin on the nearest wall.

"You can find plenty of good reason for not having them if you don't want them," Mrs. Soames retorted, coldly. "I merely thought I'd like to see how a child would look in this place—among your Japanese prints."

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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THE "RED COW" GROUP; By Arthur Morrison.

BECAUSE they gathered nightly at the bar of the Red Cow public house in London's slums, to spend their day's pay on cheap booze, they called themselves "The Red Cow Group." They were Anarchists. Their leader was one Sotcher, a greasily, unwashed orator, who had recently come thither to tell them they were the salt of the earth and that they were ground down and plundered and bullied by a wicked government. (Down with everybody who wasn't down already!)

The Red Cow Group no longer exists. This is the tale of its downfall: "We are we pore?" Sotcher once thundered. "Becos of the magistrates an' the p'lice! Make a clean sweep of 'em! Blow 'em up! Then you'll ave yer rights!"

The Red Cow Group was keenly interested. Some one asked how the obnoxious authorities could be blown up. Sotcher glibly explained the process whereby a blend of nitric and sulphuric acid, mixed with glycerine, made one of the deadliest and simplest explosives known.

The group eagerly listened to the formula. Sotcher explained that the explosive was of a yellowish, oily appearance, and should be filtered through sand and kept in a canister. Gunno Polson, one of the group, enthusiastically volunteered to get the materials and make the mixture.

The next night, when Sotcher arrived at the Red Cow, he was in excellent spirits. For, in his pockets jingled a fairly large sum of money supplied to him by certain Anarchistic chiefs, in reward for his success in interesting the hitherto unresponsive slum-dwellers in the sacred cause of Anarchy.

To his surprise, he found the rest of the Group already there. They explained that they had been holding a meeting; and, acting on an earlier suggestion of Sotcher's, they had just voted to start the Social Revolution by blowing up the neighborhood gas house. This, they had decided, would throw the whole district into darkness and would frighten the police.

Gunno Polson then produced a canister of yellowish, oily fluid, mixed with sand. This, he said, was to be hidden under an edge of the gas house and ignited by means of a fuse. At sight of the explosive, Sotcher started violently.

"It's awful stuff," he jabbered, his dirty face pale to the lips. "Don't shake it! You'll blow us all up if you don't keep it still. It's—it's such awful stuff!"

Polson reduced him to helpless panic by gravely announcing that a unanimous vote had elected Sotcher himself to the honor of placing the explosive and lighting the fuse. It would probably mean death to the leader. Polson added, but it would be a glorious death, a death such as Sotcher had always told them a true Anarchist should be glad to die.

The terrified Sotcher tried to bolt. They caught and tied him. Their demeanor toward their leader underwent a sudden change. His cowardice, they said, seemed to indicate he was a police spy. And, now, he must meet the death he had told them should always be dealt out mercilessly to traitors to the holy cause.

They carried him to the gas works, tied him to the ground there, put the canister beside him and lighted the fuse. But, before lighting it, one of them said:

"You won't ave no use for money where you're going. Besides, it'd be blown to bits, an' he no use to anybody."

So, they turned his pockets inside out, and joyously divided the contents among themselves. After which they touched off the fuse and left their victim to become an involuntary martyr.

At dawn a passing policeman found Sotcher lying houn' beside the gas house wall. He was unhurt, but could give no clear account of his presence there. So, as he smelled of gin, he was arrested on a charge of "Drunk and Disorderly."

On the ground beside him was found a large canister—full of sand and castor oil.

Take away from mankind their vanity and their ambition, and there would be but few claiming to be heroes or patriots.—SENECA.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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AS the rising thermometer and in July," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Hickett knows of a woman who sews by the day who is especially good on children's clothes, but she's engaged up till August."

"She's lucky to have so much work ahead," said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, she's going to take a vacation, mind you!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "I was talking to her. She has a married daughter in the country and she's going up there to visit her first for a month. A month! Think of that! And we're lucky if we can get away for two weeks. The presumption of some people!"

"Well, what time do you think best?" asked Mr. Jarr, not wishing to discuss the presumption of some people. "I've got to make arrangements about the time before the others at the office settle for sure what time they get away."

"Oh, all our plans are subject to the convenience of others, are they?" cried Mrs. Jarr. "I'm sure your position down at that old office must be a fine one when the office boys and shipping clerks are considered first and you have to ask their pleasure and beg them to permit you to get away. Well, it's as I have always said. You will make free with people, and when you get familiar with them they, of course, have no respect for you."

"What would you suggest?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Should I be cold and distant in my office relations, or should I be calm but condescending?"

"You should be anything rather than 'half-fellow-well-met,'" replied Mrs. Jarr. "But what I want to know is, are we going any place this summer or are we not?"

"That's what I was trying to find out," said Mr. Jarr. "Just at present it doesn't look as though we were getting anywhere."

"I suppose not," replied Mrs. Jarr. "You permit yourself to be placed at a disadvantage and let everybody else be considered first down there at your office. Well, I'm glad I know it. Though I suppose we will all die of heat in this awful city."

"When do you want to go?" asked Mr. Jarr firmly. "Let's get that fixed."

"You know as well as I do that I couldn't go till I get some summer clothes and the children get some summer clothes."

"When will that be?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Along about Thanksgiving time, it looks to me!" was the reply, "but maybe in September!"